

Cautious

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Cautious

by [Ryumako](#)

Summary

Ryuko's been suspended for taking action against a punk that said something about Mako. Exhausted from a school day of bull, she comes home and takes a short nap. Mako thinks of a creative way to wake her up, fun ensues.

Ryuko and Mako exited the railway car, casually weeding through the other no-stars that were gathered around the railway station. The former began walking noticeably fast-paced, a scowl concerning her facial features.

“Ryuko-chan!” Mako yelled. “Wait up! You’re walking too quickly!” Ryuko kept her pace, but Mako caught up eventually, dramatically inhaling to catch her breath. “What’s wrong? Are you still upset over what happened at school?”

“Yeah, I am!” She snapped. “I got *suspended* for defense. I can’t go to school for a month over something totally justified.”

“Didn’t you punch a guy in the mouth?” Mako looked sympathetic.

“Yeah, I did,” She grumbled. “Mako, he called you “vacant”. That’s an insult.” She looked at her. “Where did he get off saying that? Was I just supposed to let that slide? Bastard should’ve been able to take a punch anyways.”

Mako shrugged, putting a hand on her shoulder. “It might have been a bit much. Not sure it’s worth getting suspended over.” She put her finger to her chin. “After all, I must be pretty vacant! I’m not even sure what that word means.”

Ryuko half-smiled. “That doesn’t mean anything.”

For a few more moments, the pair walked almost silently, aside from the various background noises emanating from the slums.

“Are you sure you’re going to be alright at school for a month without me there?” Ryuko spoke. “I-I mean, you know, without the company. I don’t mean to sound selfish.”

Mako nodded fervently. “I’m sure I’ll manage. I’d been doing it years before you came here,” She smiled. “The real question is, are you sure you’re going to be alright in a house of perverts for a month without *me* there?”

At this, Ryuko laughed out loud. “Yeah, yeah. Your mom’s pretty understanding.”

“It is weird Satsuki would suspend you, though,” Mako said. “It’s not like you haven’t done worse before without consequence.”

“Huh, that is odd.” She pondered. “Maybe she wanted to take a break from dealing with me.”

“Or maybe the punishment came from the principal,” Mako suggested. They both laughed; that was absurd.

“No matter,” Ryuko stated. “What’s done is done.”

Finally, the two approached their little shack of a home. Mako opened the door and called out to her family, “We’re home!”

There was no answer, aside from Guts trotting to the door and licking her ankle. “Mom? Dad?” She paused. “Mataro?”

Still, no answer. Huh. She walked to the kitchen, Ryuko following in curiosity. Upon entering the room, she spotted a note left in plain sight on the counter. Mako picked it up and began reading it aloud, “Girls: Your father and I came into a few passes for a free night at the hotel/casino. We’ll be back tomorrow around noon. Mataro is at one of his friend’s houses to work on homework. If he’s not back by 9 P.M., you know what to do, Mako. Don’t forget to feed Guts, and don’t get in any trouble. Love, Mom.”

“Sweet,” Ryuko said, opening the fridge. “It’ll be nice to have some peace and quiet around here for once.” Mako nodded absentmindedly, trashing the note. She minded Guts who seemed to be following her, and then decided to feed him now before she forgot. Even though he mooched of their dinner all the time, they did have designated dog food for him. Besides, Mako wasn’t sure if or what they’d be having for dinner that night.

As she was pouring the dry dog food for a notably disappointed looking Guts, Ryuko spoke. “Hey, we’ve got frozen pizzas!” She turned her head. “Why don’t we make one of these tonight?”

“*One* of them? I think we both know we’re going to need to make both,” Mako said.

Ryuko grinned. “Why? You hungry?”

“Of course! I always am. Never say no to food,” She said seriously. “Now let me do it,” She offered, already preheating the worn-down oven. She brushed by Ryuko to get the pizzas out of the freezer.

“Fine by me,” Ryuko said, raising her arms out of her way. “I’m gonna go take a nap. Tell me when they’re ready, alright?”

“Sure thing!” Mako responded with a dutiful tone. Guts could be heard sloppily chowing down on his dog food.

Ryuko exited the kitchen with a lazy smile on her face, rather tired from the day’s events. That day hadn’t been particularly difficult compared to others, and yet she felt herself drained, likely from her pending expulsion weighing down her mind. Sure, she didn’t mind being away from the academy, but she was unsure of what she was going to do to pass the time here at the house while Mako was gone at school; she wasn’t necessarily worried about the so-called perverts, rather the looming boredom that threatened those days. If worse came to worse, she’d always have Senketsu to chat with (who was she kidding; the conversations would happen regardless).

Once in their shared room, she sleepily changed out of Senketsu and carefully hung him up. He seemed to be rather quiet, but as he often was nowadays she thought nothing of it. She then donned her old hand-me down pajamas; sure, it was still early in the day, but she could hardly see herself going out again that evening. Finally, with a nearly exhausted temperament, she plopped down onto her bedroll. Thoughts regarding the upcoming month were the last thing pinned to her fleeting consciousness.

In the kitchen, Mako had just finished properly putting the pizzas onto their respective trays, sliding them into the heated oven, and then setting the timer to about twenty minutes. Seeing as Ryuko was sleeping and she had nothing to do and no one else to entertain her, she decided to take a stab at being disciplined and take a look at her homework.

A long fifteen minutes later, a tired looking Mako was fighting to stay awake over her history textbook. She had been trying to read the lesson before attempting the assignment, seeing that she was asleep during class and didn't catch the material. After another five minutes of wasted effort, the oven finally dinged, signaling the pizzas to be done. Startled, she blinked out of her trance, slamming her textbook shut.

After successfully removing the hot pizzas from the worn-down oven, she set them on the counter to cool. She then surveyed the area, making sure Guts wouldn't jump on the counter and get to the food as she went to wake Ryuko. Surprisingly, the small pug seemed to be nowhere in sight. Seizing the opportunity, she made her way towards their room to wake up her sleeping friend.

"Ryuuuko-chan!" She called, entering the room. "Food's done!"

The sleeping girl stirred, moving to lie on her side, but still didn't respond. "Ryuko-chan?"

Then, Mako got an idea.

She crept over to where Ryuko was laying, crouching down. First, she lightly poked the sleeping girl on her side. There was no visible reaction. Then, she grew a little more bold and poked with more firmness. At this, Ryuko made a soft unintelligible noise in her slumber. *'Wow, she's really out!'* She thought.

Mako continued this until her fingers grew bolder, gently dancing over Ryuko's side, which she had covered tightly in her blanket. Sleepily, she gripped the blanket closer to her, her slumber-dazed eyebrows knitting together in confusion. Mako smiled as she noticed this, and began prodding at her ribcage more intensely.

Ryuko blinked once, twice, confused, as she felt the tickling sensation on her side. Fully understanding now that she was being touched by an unknown individual, she quickly flipped onto her back to discover the perpetrator. This did not stop Mako, who now had access to both of her sides, and began tickling her frantically.

"M-Mako!" She gasped, trying and failing to stifle her laughter. "What are you d-doing?"

"You were OUT!" She stated, unyielding. "This seemed to be the most effective way to wake you up!"

"Did you-" A fit of laughs. "-really have to?" She couldn't help but smile as she entered a full-blown laughing fit.

"It worked, didn't it?" She said.

“Yeah, yeah, alright!” Ryuko said, her voice higher in pitch. “You can s-stop now!” She was blushing, red with laughter.

“Hmm...” Mako hummed. “Nuh-uh!” At this, she really dug into her sides, causing her to giggle uncontrollably, her limbs beginning to spasm and her back arching. “I didn’t even know you were *this* ticklish!”

Ryuko could feel tears of laughter form in the corners of her eyes, and she decided it was time to fight back. She controlled her arms as best she could, bringing her hands to Mako’s exposed sides, and began tickling for all she was worth. The brown eyed girl immediately burst into a fit of laughter, unable to control herself and relenting on her barrage. She fell back onto the floor, Ryuko following her with her hands, smirking as she tickled her into a laughter-filled submission.

“Ryuko-chan!” She giggled at an incredibly high pitch, almost hiccupping. “Ryuko-chan!”

Although she was no longer being tickled, Ryuko couldn’t help but laugh, too. The girl was writhing uncontrollably, and she struggled to keep finding the perfect spots to tickle next as she flailed around: her sides, her knees, her neck, even her armpits.

“Ryuko-chan!” Her name was hardly recognizable through all the laughter. “I can’t b-breathe!”

At this, Ryuko decided to surrender a bit, as she was growing fatigued herself. She hovered above her, her arms and legs on either side of her, as both of them breathed heavily, Mako’s limbs still sprawled around her carelessly. They didn’t break eye contact as both of them smiled. Ryuko was almost entranced by the brightness, the sheer joy she saw in Mako’s eyes. Mako herself was just trying to read Ryuko’s eyes and found it difficult, where it usually wasn’t. Eventually both of their breathing returned to normal, their eyes still locked.

Ryuko had still been smiling down at her as her expression changed from evident joy to more of a playful confusion. The dark haired girl began leaning down slowly, steadily bending her elbows. Mako’s heart began racing at the proximity of her, as she was now able to decipher the look that had been in her eyes. Ryuko was inching closer and closer, her eyelids beginning to slide closed.

Mako got in one last “Ryuko-chan-” before her lips ever-so-lightly brushed against her own slightly parted ones. Mako gasped as Ryuko began to seal the kiss more firmly, her eyelids finally sliding shut as well.

Ryuko moved her hands to find Mako’s wrists, grabbing them and pinning her under her. She moved her lips tenderly yet firmly against Mako’s, the brown haired girl doing her best to mimic her actions. It felt *good*, the closeness, and the finalization of an emotion they both discovered together. Mako whimpered softly under her, and they quickly grew more passionate.

The kiss intensified as Mako boldly slid her tongue over her own lips and across to Ryuko’s, the dark haired girl immediately moaning quietly at the sensation, at the eagerness of the girl below her. She widened her mouth, inviting Mako’s tongue to meet hers. Neither of them

could stifle the soft noises that emanated from them as their tongues touched, the muscles lightly, almost curiously, sliding past each other. Ryuko instinctively tilted her head for deeper access, and Mako followed suit.

As the situation grew more heated, Ryuko removed a hand from Mako's wrist and moved it to cup her cheek, eventually running it through Mako's soft hair. She moaned into her mouth at the feeling of her gentle touch, and began moving her tongue against hers more fervently. Ryuko felt passion, a pure heat like she had never felt before, overcome her as she reciprocated with just as much vigor.

Cautiously yet eagerly, she began to lower her body closer to Mako's. The brown haired girl felt her doing this and almost instinctively brought her hands to her hips, lowering hers to her own. The kiss was broken, Ryuko resting her forehead against Mako's. She allowed her hands to guide her down, feeling desire almost overwhelm her. She began to experimentally move her hips against Mako's, an embarrassing noise escaping her lips and Mako merely gasped. The friction, even despite the clothing between them, was *incredible*.

Ryuko found more accessibility when she moved one leg between Mako's, her pelvis meeting hers at a better angle. Her face fell to the crook of her neck, where she daringly began planting firm kisses that trailed up the sensitive skin of Mako's neck. Growing ever bolder and more fevered, she now began giving her open mouthed kisses, tasting the soft skin beneath her.

"Ryuko-chan!" She gasped, arching upwards. "Ah! That feels really...good..." Ryuko's hair hid her eyes as Mako tilted her head back for easier access. She nipped and kissed at her exposed skin until she followed her temptation and began sucking at it. Mako gasped audibly as she felt her gently suck at the skin near her collarbone, eventually hard enough to leave a mark.

"Mm...Ryuko-chan..." She smoothly moved her hips against Ryuko's, both of them now desperate for friction. At this feeling, Ryuko intensified her ministrations, trailing her wet kisses down her collarbone until she reached the collar of her shirt. Realizing an impasse, she raised her head to look at Mako.

"Do you think, um," She stammered. "Perhaps, you could..." Mako only blinked, a faint blush on her cheeks. Ryuko sighed. "Take your shirt off?" She asked quietly, her own blush darkening.

"Oh, of course! Help me out."

Ryuko didn't really see why she needed help taking her shirt off, but as eager as she was she wasted no time in gripping the hem of her shirt and aiding in slipping her arms through the holes. She quickly discarded the article, both surprised and thankful to see Mako wasn't wearing a bra. Ryuko immediately leaned in again, excited to cover new area, before she felt a halting hand on her shoulder.

"Hey, no fair!" Mako pouted. "You should take off your shirt too..." Ryuko just looked at her for a moment before she deemed it fair. She quickly began unbuttoning the buttons to her pajama top, shimmying out of it as soon as they were all undone.

“Better?” She assured.

“I’ll say,” Mako responded.

Ryuko shook her head with a lazy smile as she leaned in again, tenderly planting kisses from the edge of Mako’s shoulder across her collarbone, slowly, delicately, moving towards her exposed breasts. She placed open-mouthed kisses along the soft, squishy flesh until she reached her nipple, teasingly licking circles around it before taking it into her mouth. She looked up to see Mako’s expression: her eyes trained on her actions, her eyebrows knitted together in pleasure.

Ryuko began softly sucking on her nipple, bringing her other hand to the unattended breast and massaging it gently, her thumb brushing over her other nipple. Mako moaned loudly, louder than either of them had so far, and thrust her hips upwards to meet Ryuko’s again. She gladly abided by the silent plea and moved her hips in time with her movements.

“Ryuko-chan, I...” Mako breathed. “Please...touch me...” She almost whispered. Ryuko was a bit taken aback by her forwardness, but then remembered this is Mako we’re talking about here.

She began kissing back up her collarbone, her neck, her jaw, until she met her lips again. They wasted no time in diving straight into making out once more, their movements growing more and more desperate by the second. Ryuko began sliding a careful hand from her breast, down her flat stomach, down to the hemline of her skirt. Her hand traveled to her hip, found the zipper, and unzipped it, tugging the garment down her legs. With Mako’s help, it was off quickly, along with her panties.

Completely naked, Mako felt exposed, but considering her current state of arousal, she didn’t mind. Ryuko reconnected the kiss and then began moving her hand back up her leg, gently caressing the smooth skin of her thigh, cautiously traveling upwards until she reached her upper thigh, lightly rubbing the area with her thumb.

As she felt Mako grow more and more eager through the kiss, she inched her fingers over her sex, and then traced her slit with feather-light pressure. Mako thrust her hips upward, breaking the kiss again and demanding more contact. Ryuko abided, finally stroking her lips in full. She applied pressure to her fingers, moving them to explore, finding Mako to be really, really wet. She sighed against her, feeling her own arousal throb as Mako moaned in her ear.

Ryuko stroked her fingers upward began cautiously stroking her clitoris, gauging her sensitivity. When Mako gasped and squirmed but didn’t seem to be discomforted, she gently massaged the nub with two fingers. She tightly gripped her shoulders as pleasure began wracking through her body. Ryuko then moved her fingers downward toward her wet entrance, carefully slipping her index finger inside of her. Mako gasped, firming her grip. After thrusting slowly for a few moments with a single finger, she added another, steadily pumping into her. Mako closed her eyes, thrusting shallowly against her movements.

“R-Ryuko-chan!” She moaned, tossing her head to the side. “Don’t stop...”

“God, Mako...” Ryuko muttered, feeling her own sex aching. She felt Mako’s grip tighten to borderline vice-like; she was practically panting, her breathing shallow. Knowing what was coming next, Ryuko dramatically increased the intensity of her pumping, sending Mako quickly over the edge, her name on her lips as she came on her fingers.

Ryuko maintained eye contact, albeit Mako’s ocular focus was a bit hazy, and pulled her fingers from her sex, making a show of licking her own fingers clean. The brown haired girl rested her head on the floor, staring at the ceiling, the sight being too much for handle at the moment. Ryuko positioned herself above her again.

“You okay?” She questioned with genuine concern.

“More than okay,” She responded. “Come here.” She wrapped her arms around her neck, pulling her down to her and slamming her lips to hers.

Ryuko kissed her almost overpoweringly, with more passion than she knew she had. The feeling again resonated with Mako and she returned the fervor. The dark haired girl was teeming with arousal at a capacity she didn’t know she had, as she desperately slid her pajama pants and panties down her hips and past her knees in one go. She tenderly cupped Mako’s cheek, further deepening the kiss once more.

Unexpectedly breaking contact, Ryuko returned to a somewhat predatory stance above Mako, staring intensely into her eyes. Her own heartbeat seemed to be audible throughout the room.

“Mako, I kinda...want to try something,” She spoke nervously, glancing away. “Would that be alright?”

“Mhm,” Mako nodded rapidly.

“Okay,” She spoke. “Just tell me if you want me to stop, or if you’re uncomfortable.”

With that, Ryuko adjusted her position between Mako’s legs, her right leg straddling her left leg. She then moved to lift Mako’s left leg over her right shoulder, to which Mako willingly complied. She steadied her leg over her shoulder with her left arm, kept her balance by placing her right hand on her hip, and then scooted closer, touching her sex to Mako’s.

“Ah! Ryuko-chan!” She whimpered loudly and Ryuko began thrusting her hips against hers, both of their wet, warm folds sliding against each other, causing almost incomprehensible pleasure to wash over the both of them.

“Fuck!” Ryuko breathed. “Mako...”

Mako was moaning softly though almost continuously, meeting her movements as best she could. Her breasts gently bounced against her chest with each thrust, a light blush on her collarbone and in her cheeks. Her mouth was open, dry from breathing and moaning, her brown eyes screwed shut. Her bangs stuck to her forehead as her hair splayed out on the floor around her head. She was absolutely beautiful, Ryuko thought, lost in a world of pleasure in which she granted her to join her.

Ryuko then changed her angle just a bit, causing her clit to slide against Mako's, making her to gasp loudly as immense bliss coursed through her. She began to get sweaty, desperate, searching for release, her grip tightening on Mako's smooth skin.

"Ah, nnn, Ryuko..." Mako moaned, her inhale short. "You're g-gonna make me cum..."

"Mako..." She groaned. After a few more thrusts, she felt her own release quickly approaching. Mako's gasps were reaching fevered pitch.

"Mm-ah! Ryuko-chan!" She yelled as her second orgasm overtook her, her juices escaping her sex onto Ryuko's.

"Fuck, Mako!" She yelled as she finally reached her climax, riding it out with a few more languid thrusts.

Spent, she carefully removed Mako's leg from her shoulder, and then moved apart from her, and then finally moved to lie on the floor next to her. The second she did, Mako wrapped her arm around her waist, both of them breathing heavily.

"Mako, I-" Ryuko started.

"Shh, nope! No need for that," Mako stated, her finger over Ryuko's mouth. "Let's just enjoy the moment, alright?"

Ryuko almost protested, but let her lips fall shut into a lazy smile as she agreed to do just that. She let her eyes slide closed as she basked in the afterglow, wrapping her arm around Mako, idly stroking her skin with her thumb.

After a few more moments of silence, Mako spoke again. "You know, the pizzas have been ready for a while now."

Ryuko, although caught off-guard and momentarily confused, laughed and then said, "Well I guess we should get dressed then, shouldn't we?"

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